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Cake

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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I don't know exactly what I did in life to end up as the sole cake tester for Cetty Brocker international. I never got my GED, like I promised mom. I never got married, like I promised dad. And I certainly never payed off my rent, like I promised my landowner.

But that's just how life sometimes turns out, you know? You're on the bottom rung of the social ladder, only to get rocketed to the top for a taste - literally - and then you end up baked alive in a cake.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



My name is Edward Iceden. And I am the one who leaked Cetty Brocker's most closely held secrets. And they made me pay for my trespasses - every last one. But let's start at the bottom.

I was out of a job. I would have turned anywhere for one. That's why I was at the mall to begin with that fateful day, hoping to find some empty space in the Auntie Anne's lineup, when I saw the Cetty Brocker table. They had just set up, and a girl with blonde hair was lining boxes of yellow cake mix on the table. A man next to her pulled giant plexiglass bowls from his black bag.

I approached the table and asked if I could help. "I'm afraid we're not taking any more helpers today," the girl said. "We're all set." I was about to leave when I saw the man next to her. He was wearing a black baseball cap and a black t-shirt. He was looking at me with a smile on his face.

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"Excuse me," I offered. They didn't break from their work. I was confused.

"Don't worry about them, son. They won't answer you." All of a sudden, a man had rested his hand on my shoulder. "What I'm worried about," he continued, "is why you're so interested in them to begin with."

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